Northern Messenger

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A Famous Tower.

(By L. C. Lowe.)

Three hours from Jaffa we came in sight of the majestic tower of Ramleh, rising 150 feet above the surrounding plain. It is built of white limestone, and is of Christian architecture. It is a tower that has a history, and would do honor to any city. Judging from its architecture, it must have been built during the Crusades, and very early in that wonderful movement. It must have been designed for military purposes, as it is a magnificent watch-tower, looking out over the wide plain of Sharon. It is surrounded by olive orchards, which are as old as itself, but not as handsome. They are, of the ships of many nations. In the foreground stood Lydda—made famous by Peter's miracle and the lame man to whom such blessing came—a snug little old-world hamlet, which would look very queer to Western eyes.

We tried to imagine what would be our feeling were we hurled from this height to the ground, as were the forty martyrs during the Crusades.

Descending from this 'Tower of the Forty Martyrs,' our attention was attracted by hoarse, piteous cries and groans, to a group of lepers, clad in faded, ragged garments, eyelids gone, hands gone, some parts of the body decayed or decaying, the long matted hair hanging loose about their dis-

A FAMOUS TOWER.

however, more useful, for they produce fruit even in their old age.

To the right of the tower are the magnificent ruins of a mosque, built in honor of Saladin, the Moslem hero of the third Crusade. He was the beau-ideal of Moslem chivalry, and is one of the most interesting characters of history to all who admire courage and magnanimity. This great Mohammedan temple must have been the glory of that people, for even in its utter ruin everything about it bespeaks its ancient wealth and grandeur. Saladin, the mighty man of valor, found his superior in Richard the Lion-Hearted, who defeated him in a great battle near the sea, and gave to the Christian forces control of the coast from Jaffa to Tyre.

We began the ascent as soon as the guard permitted. What glorious things we saw, and heard, and thought of! There to the left the dancing, dark-blue waters of the Mediterranean, dotted with the white sails figured haggard faces. Oh, what a terrible sight of suffering! But such sights, and still more dreadful ones, were very frequent. There to the front and seemingly not far off, are the beautiful purple mountains of Judea and Samaria, the perfect and cloudless day, the glorious azure sky, the balmy atmosphere, all round and about Ramleh, stand out a glorious picture, a feast to be remembered forever.

From the top of this tower, built by Christians who gave their lives for the cause of Christ, we heard the muezzin call the faithful Moslem to prayer. Five times a day, between six a.m., and 6 p.m., he prays with his face towards Mecca, beginning every prayer with 'God is one God, the only true God, and Mohammed is his prophet.'

It seemed strange to see so many people, especially little children, who look exactly like our children, but who could not understand a word spoken by us, who know what money is, and are as eager to catch it as some other people nearer home.—'Epworth Herald.'

A Child's Rebuke.

'Do you ever pray?' asked a tiny bit of a girl of an avowed infidel one day as she had strayed into his office from an adjacent room on the same floor.

She was a pretty, bright child, and the young lawyer had been pleased with her fair face and winning ways, and had often, by means of candies and other small gifts, encouraged her to come; and at this time, although the office was crowded with clients, he had called her to his side and given her a seat upon his knee, where she had remained unusually quiet, until a pause in the conversation had given her opportunity for the question which seemed uppermost in her mind.

'Say, do you?' she persisted, as he hesitated, visibly embarrassed. Although he was now an open follower of infidel doctrine he had in his boyhood a Christian home, and somehow, he could scarcely have explained why, he was ashamed to meet the honest blue eyes of that five-year-old child, and frankly acknowledge that he did not pray.

'Do you?' he inquired at last, desperately; hoping thus to change the, to him, very obnoxious subject; for there was an unmistakable smile showing upon the faces of his visitors at his evident unwillingness to answer.

'Oh, yes, of course!' she answered promptly, not in the least disturbed by the question, 'once every night and morning, besides lots of other times. But, say, do you? You know—you did not tell me.'

'Didn't I?'—the color actually crimsoning his forehead. 'Well, I think I might say, "God bless my little child!" Do you think that would do?'

'Yes, sir,' naively, 'but I think you would much better pray for yourself.'

'I could have stood up and faced and answered the most scathing rebuke ever levelled at infidelity in public,' he said, in repeating the story afterwards to a company of friends in my hearing. 'I could have laughed in the face of the most eminent divine who dared to urge upon me the duty of prayer; but that child's question completely nonplussed me. I believe in all the defeats I ever experienced, I never felt so unspeakably little as I did that day.'—'Christian Standard.'

About Two Churches,

The following story comes from Waterloo, Ia.:—The members of the Presbyterian church decided to erect a new place of worship. Stone was scarce; in fact, there were no quarries and no rock suitable for building purposes nigh at hand. At last their attention was called to what was apparently a large boulder which stood in the middle of a plain about eight miles from the town. The huge mass of rock was like an island in the midst of a vast sea. About eight feet of it projected above ground. The work of excavating this gigantic boulder was at once begun. When exposed to view it was found to be 23 feet

high, 30 feet long and 20 feet wide. On this monolith the workmen began their labors with drill, hammer and dynamite, and the enormous rock was converted into building stone. The pieces were conveyed to the town, and before long a wonderful metamorphosis was apparent, and then this giant boulder, after resting undisturbed for countless years and buried by the deposits of ages, was transformed into a beautiful church. In its rough state this great rock is estimated to have weighed more than 2,500 tons.

To build a church with material taken from one boulder is certainly surprising, but not so much as to build and complete a large wooden church from the timber of a single tree, no lumber from any other source being used, the building being the largest edifice in the country. This building is situated in Santa Rosa, Cal., and was erected for the members of the Baptist communion in that place. The timber was taken from a redwood tree that grew in the neighborhood. The interior of the church was paneled and was finished with wood, not a particle of plaster or other similar material being used. The floors, seatings, pulpit, roof and roofing were all formed from material taken from the same tree, and after the building was finished in every particular, stuff enough was taken from it to manufacture 60,000 shingles, besides a large quantity of scantlings, joists and other dimension stuff.—American paper.

A Prince of Scientists

THE BRILLIANT INVENTIONS AND NOTABLE CAREER OF SIR WILLIAM THOMPSON, (LORD KELVIN.)

('Ram's Horn.')

When the history of this wonderful century of science comes to be written, there are few names that will glow with greater lustre upon its pages, than that of Lord Kelvin, i. e., Sir William Thompson. It is safe to say that posterity will rank him alongside of Galileo, Newton and Pascal.

He is a modern example of that rarity—a genius. Lord Kelvin is not only the greatest physicist of this generation, but also the leading electrical engineer and one of the most celebrated inventors of the world.

His first great work was to design a cable in which there was no retardation of electricity, thus enabling Cyrus W. Field to realize his great ambition of joining the continents. He invented the instrument for receiving the messages through the Atlantic cable, and did more than any other electrician toward its perfect working. He also invented the recorder used on all submarine cables for receiving and writing the messages. He first used piano wire for 'flying soundings' in the deep sea, rendered an important service to navigation in making the adjustable compass which bears his name, and perfected instruments for accurate measurements of electric currents. During the long years of his active life, he has made scores of valuable discoveries in heat, gases, magnetism, hydrostatics and mathematics. He has written a number of class books and scientific works very abstruse and profound.

Lord Kelvin was born in Belfast, in 1824. In early youth the lad revealed the qualities that were later to make him world-famous. As a boy he was precocious. At the age of eleven he entered the Royal College where his father was professor of mathematics. He astonished the older scholars in his father's class, by his preternatural quickness in solving abstruse mathematical problems. Later, he went to Cambridge, and while a student there published numerous original papers on physical subjects—heat, gases, electricity, etc. He was not, however, the pale student bent only on his books. He was a lover of outdoor sports. He won a sculling prize, and was one of the winning crew in a boat race between Cambridge and Oxford. He graduated in 1845, and after being for a time a student at Requault, in Paris, he became Professor of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow, in 1846. Here he has remained, in spite of most tempting offers to go elsewhere. He has honored the university by his presence. In 1896, the most distinguished scientists from all parts of the globe gathered at Glasgow to celebrate the golden anniversary of Lord Kelvin's career as a professor, philosopher, author, and inventor.

Lord Kelvin's mind is a marvel of brilliancy. One who knows him well, says:—

SIR WILLIAM THOMPSON (LORD KELVIN.)

'He thinks with an electrical rapidity. He does not appear to weigh and reason, like most men, but to reach his result by pure intuition. See him engrossed in the subject of his discourse, and utterly forgetful of himself, or wild with rapture over the result of an experiment, and you will say this man was created for science, that he is a prophet or seer with a divine mission to reveal the physical laws. He seems to imbibe knowledge with the air he breathes or with the pores of his skin. He is gifted with a very keen perception.

'Few things escape his notice, although he may not seem to observe them. His memory is uncommonly retentive, his reasoning faculty is most clear and precise, and his imagination strong and fecund. These rare endowments are all stimulated by a per-fervid zeal—a vehement enthusiasm for the pursuit of science.'

In character, Lord Kelvin is modest, kind, generous, and loving. In manner, like many of the greatest men, he is as simple and unaffected as a child. In later life, he has had little time to indulge his liking for outdoor sports, but in summer he usually takes a long cruise in his yacht, the 'Lalla Rookh.' It will be remembered, Lord Kelvin recently came to America and made the scientific convention at Toronto notable by his presence.

He has a great capacity for work, often carrying on his research into the small hours of the morning. Sometimes while engaged in his laboratory, some theoretical subject will burst like a whirlwind upon his mind, take entire possession of him, and hold him spell-bound in its grasp for several days.

Lord Kelvin is an earnest Christian, full of faith and good works. He tries to live out the principles of Christianity in every day duties rather than to engage in polemic discussion regarding them.

His beautiful home is situated near the university, and, as might be expected, is provided with the latest electrical and other discoveries and inventions. It is heated with electricity; has long-distance telephones so he can talk at once with any one in England; and is resplendent with various ingenious devices including astronomical time, for annihilating time and making earth a scientific paradise.

What Brings Peace.

A doctor who was visiting a Christian patient had himself long been anxious to feel that he was at peace with God. The Spirit had convinced him of his sin and need, and he longed to possess that peace which the world cannot give. On this occasion, addressing himself to the sick one, he said:

'I want you to tell me just what it is—this believing and getting happiness, faith in Jesus, and all that sort of thing which brings peace.'

His patient replied:

'Doctor, I have felt that I could do nothing, and I have put my case in your hands; I am trusting to you. That is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus.

This reply greatly awakened the doctor's surprise, and a new light broke in upon his soul.

'Is that all?' he exclaimed: 'simply trusting in the Lord Jesus! I see it, as I never did before. He has done the work. Yes, Jesus said on the cross, "It is finished," and whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'

From that sick bed the doctor went a happy man, rejoicing that his sins were washed away in the blood of the Lamb.

BILLY BRAY, THE CORNISH PREACHER.

This wonderfully interesting book (paper cover) gives an anecdotal sketchy life of one of the most effective preachers ever used by God for the salvation of souls. This book free to 'Messenger' subscribers sending two new subscriptions at thirty cents each.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN PHILIPPIANS.

Mar. 10, Sun.—Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake.

Mar. 11, Mon.—Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory.

Mar. 12, Tues.—Let each esteem other better than themselves.

Mar. 13, Wed.—Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ.

Mar. 14, Thur.—He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death.

Mar. 15, Fri.—At the name of Jesus every knee should bow.

Mar. 16, Sat.—Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

As many men, so many minds. 'World Wide' reflects the thought of both hemispheres.

BOYS AND GIRLS

HE MADE OUT THE FIGURE OF A MAN.

In the Depths of the Snow.

(By Walter T. Stratton, in 'Home Words.')

Every one in the village of Imhof said it would lie between Ulrich Lauener and Peter Werden; and by 'it' everybody meant the prize of five hundred francs offered for the finest piece of carving made in the valley before Christmas. The donor was an Englishman, wintering in Grindelwald, and the award was to be decided by him at Meiringen on Christmas Day.

A stranger might have said that Imhof slept cuddled under the snow, but within its wooden chalets there was wakefulness enough to set tools chipping and tongues wagging.

Only Ulrich Lauener was silent. Every other competitor talked of the wonderful work of art he was perfecting, and invited his friends to come and criticise the unfinished carving. But nobody knew what Lauener was doing in his lonely chalet that stood high above the nestling village—not even Marie. Yet the girl was consumed with curiosity, and her gentle wiles were calculated to unearth the deepest secret.

'Don't you find it dreadfully cold, working all alone?' she ventured timidly one Sunday morning.

'Ah, so!' laughed Ulrich. 'But the faggots burn well—and carve well, too. I have a fine store—enough to last till Christmas.'

'Is it something very big you are making? I am sure father would help you get it down on his sledge, if it is. Peter Werden has nearly finished his table. Ah, you should see it, Ulrich—all flowers and chamois.'

'I shall see it on Christmas Day,' returned Ulrich, with a smile flitting across his face. 'And shall I not be the only one who has not seen it—except the English Herr?'

'You might have shown it to me, your beautiful carving,' urged Marie, coaxingly. 'Just one peep, and nobody else need be the wiser.'

But Ulrich was obdurate, though more than once he was tempted to soften towards the girl. 'She will be twice as pleased when she sees it labelled with the first prize,' he thought. 'Where will the fun be if she knows beforehand that I have done something quite new? Why, all the valley would be talking about it in a day. No—better wait till the Englishman can see and judge for himself.'

So the work went on silently, and with no one to admire, in Lauener's chalet. His model of the spears and needles of the Engelhorner as they appeared in the summer, with here and there a thread of snow clinging to their precipitous rocks, grew daily nearer completion. Even the tiny valley and its countless streams seemed to be bathed in sunlight. But the last finishing touches were terribly hard to give. Marie had suddenly become cold to him, and the fact robbed him of his inspiration. Sometimes he felt inclined to let the wood that had yielded so well to his tools burn among the faggots which crackled on the stone hearth.

But, despite depression, the work prospered, until, a week before Christmas, Ulrich laid aside his tools. He did not regard the carving from near and far, as though anxious to discover any flaw that might be rectified. But, with his back to his bench, he sat staring into the heart of the red embers, and the blue coils of smoke fashioned themselves at the bidding of his thoughts.

First, he pictured himself with Marie, and the firelight seemed to dance, and the blackened beams of the chalet to look less gloomy. A smile crept shyly across his face as he fancied he saw Marie setting the white tablecloth on the little square table which had not been used to such adornment. Five hundred francs would go a very long way towards making the dream a reality. For some minutes he enjoyed his thoughts as though they were the first meal Marie had prepared for him.

Then the warm blaze began to die down

THE DOOR THE YOUNG GUIDE JAMMED WITH A HEAVY DRESSER

into little spluttering flames, which came and went, always leaving deeper shadows behind.

What if Peter Werden won the great prize? He would marry in the spring, and not have to wait until another winter should help him to earn more money by his carving. He could only earn money by that. And little Katharine was ready—quite ready, to wed Peter, and never notice his stiff knee all the days of her life.

'He will win if I do not enter,' thought Ulrich. 'What is the use of liking to see other folk unselfish, if one fights shy of it oneself? Marie will wait for me till the summer, and then I can make some great ascents, and earn more than five hundred francs. Peter cannot do that, his leg is too bad to let him be even a porter.'

But Marie had grown so cold to him since his refusal to show her his carving. Dare he risk the possibility that she should cease to care for him? If he won the prize she would forgive him for keeping his secret. But what if he did not?

* * * * *

Late that evening, when the sky twinkled with stars, Ulrich made up his mind; and next morning he set out to walk over the Great Scheidegg to Grindelwald. There had not been so much snow as usual, and the tracks were easy to find to one who had known the pass from boyhood. Strapped on his back was the model of the mountains; and as he walked steadily on with even stride, he was calculating how much he dare ask for his masterpiece, now that he had decided not to enter for the prize. He might find a visitor who would give him more than the dealer's agent, and then—who knows?—he might, after all, wed Marie before the snows melted.

The dark pines bore their heavy white burdens, their trunks as upright as ever. Ulrich wondered vaguely if men were meant to bear their burdens as sturdily. At Rosenlaui he noted the heavy lumbering clouds rolling like waggons over the shoulder of the pass. There were no chariot clouds with golden wheels. The snow clogged heavily on his boots, and more than once a détour had to be made to avoid the drifts.

Long before the young guide reached the summit flakes were writhing round him as though trying to make him the very centre of a snowy whirlpool. On his pack a white wool-like covering had formed, giving him the appearance of a Father Christmas.

At last he turned the shoulder, and the descent began on the far side. Scarcely half an hour from the summit he thought he heard a faint cry, coming from no direction of which he could be certain. Up to his knees in snow he stopped short to listen. The wind was gathering the more granular particles and hurling them hither and thither, so that they stung Ulrich's face like a shower of small shot.

Once more he heard a call, and this time made sure that it came from his left. He plunged forward; it was difficult to keep his breath in the face of the storm. Then he halted again; there was not a sound to guide him. Suddenly along the deep tracks he had made came a dog's bark.

Hastily he turned back, feeling rather than seeing his way. Above the howl of the storm he caught the piteous whining of the dog, and followed the sound until he reached a sudden dip in the mountain side. On a broad ledge, partially sheltered, he made out the figure of a man lying, his head pillowed on the body of a huge St. Bernard dog. He was wrapped in a kind of sleeping bag, round which the snow had drifted, and had fallen into that state of torpor which soon becomes the sleep that knows no waking, and only the warmth of the dog had kept him alive so long.

Ulrich tried vainly to rouse him. Then seeing there was nothing else to be done, he unstrapped his pack, and hid his carving under a huge rock, preparatory to an attempt to carry the stranger down to the nearest chalet, if he might, by the help of God, happen upon one.

I need not weary the reader with an account of Ulrich's struggle through the snow. Had he not found a chalet within an hour, he would have been forced to abandon the stranger and go for help, thus risking the possibility that before aid could come death might have claimed the lost man.

Once inside the chalet, the full fury of the blizzard broke. The door the young guide jammed with the aid of a heavy dresser. Then he attempted to light a fire. Happily the chalet was one of the few that are inhabited throughout the winter, and when Ulrich almost despaired of reviving the stranger, the owner hammered at the door for admission.

* * * * *

To make a short story shorter, it is only necessary to add that the stranger whose life Ulrich had saved in the nick of time was the Englishman who had offered the great prize. He had started to walk over the pass to Meiringen, where he was to inspect the carving and make the award. On the way he had been overtaken by the storm and lost the right track.

The model of the Englehorner was not recovered until the New Year had dawned, and Peter Werden had won the prize for the finest carving in the valley. But Ulrich is supremely happy, for has not Marie promised to marry him before the spring? and has not the Englishman already given them a wedding present 'beyond the dreams of avarice?' And it does but add to his delight that Peter Werden will 'make his home' at the same time. But only Marie and the English gentleman know how it was that Ulrich's carving should have been found under a rock on the Grindelwald side of the Great Scheidegg.

In Time of Trouble.

(By Eben E. Rexford, in 'Forward.')

If shadows hide the sun away,
What use to sigh about it?
Go on about your work, and say,
'If sunshine can't be ours to-day
We'll get along without it.'

If things go wrong let worrying go,
What good can come of fretting?
It may be it is better so.
God plans it all, and He must know,
So spare your vain regretting.

There is a sunshine that makes good
The lack of sun above us,
And all might find it if they would,
In cheerful word and happy mood,
And smiles of those who love us.

Then let us smile when skies are gray,
And laugh at stormy weather,
And sing life's lonesome times away.
So worry and the dreariest day
Will find an end together.

Every man in his humor. 'World Wide' is a collection of the best writing on the most interesting subjects.

Stella.

It is a small window, and peers blinkingly upon its small outlook. As you cross the room from the fire-place to the side-table there fall athwart your eyes, obliquely, four successive impressions of light, shade, light, and shade, in the form of, (1) a strip of sky; (2) an erratic chimney-pot; (3) another strip of sky; and (4) another chimney-pot. And that is why the window appears to blink.

Go nearer to it and take the view. Item: two chimney-pots, misshapen, grotesque, erratic, running this way and that, as though they were in a hurry to be off, and in perplexity as to which way to go. Item: a blank wall, with another blinking window, over which is a small board, containing, in rough lettering, the legend, 'Ancient Lights.' Item: a roof, loose-tied, jagged, bleary with sooty rain-marks. Item: a back-yard, containing a washing-tub, an old boot, and a forlorn clothes-line. And that is the outlook upon which the window peers. Small blame to it for blinking.

But it is a brave little window! Come storm, come sun, it stares manfully upon its desolate prospect, with a grim doggedness and defiance, that say as plainly as possible: 'Well, this is not a very cheery view, but I can at least do my duty and look it in the face.' I held quite a little conversation with this window one evening after I had learned something about the room, and was waiting to see Stella. I said:—

'Look you, now, you're a good, dutiful little window in your way, and you keep up your spirits very creditably in the face of a depressing outlook, but I think you are a trifle too vain-glorious and bombastic over your virtues.'

The window rattled indignantly.

'Ah,' said I, 'but I mean it! You have a tragic and theatrical air of bearing up against your melancholy situation; but come, tell me, sir, have you not an inlook as well as an outlook? And does not the former amply compensate for the latter? Could any window have a sweeter, fairer life-story to look upon, than that which is being lived out in this room?'

The window was silent.

Come down to Shoulder of Mutton Alley, near Commercial Road, in Stepney, and you shall read the story for yourself. It is a dreary-looking place, a morose, glowering, beetle-browed passage, that glides noiselessly from out the monotonous thoroughfare into a dim vacuity, a black, frowning nothingness, which, when you explore its dismal mystery, gradually unfolds its gaunt outline, and reveals itself in the shadowy gloom as the court called Shoulder of Mutton Alley. Come up the staircase of No. 3, turn to the right along the narrow passage on the second landing, and we are in the room with the blinking window. Stella will rise and receive us as we enter, for she is always there. At the little table near the window, surrounded by all the craft and mystery of her art in the form of bits of ribbon, artificial flowers, needles, threads, scissors, and those articles which a masculine mind would describe as 'funny things called "shapes," which have no shape at all.' At this table, I say, with her ten busy fingers darting hither and thither, and pouncing this way and that, Stella sits from morn till eve.

'And so you are a milliner, Stella?' said I, on that November morning when my parish visiting first led me to the room.

Stella said, 'Yes, Miss.'

'On your own account?'

Stella said, 'Yes, Miss,' again. She had a very sweet voice, had Stella, and I liked to hear her talk.

'And you live here alone?' I queried, looking round the room.

'Oh, no,' she answered quickly. 'We are quite a little family. George and Tom—those are my brothers—they are at school now—and Polly—that is my sister—we all live together, and push along as best we can.'

'And Polly?'

'Polly is out nearly all day, except when she comes in between journeys to have her meals. She works as a trotter.'

'And what may a "trotter" be, Stella?'

Stella pulled herself together for an elaborate explanation.

'Well,' she said, 'there are lots of working tailors around here who do jobs in their own houses for firms in the city, and, you see, they must have a messenger to carry the work for them when it is done. They call these messengers "trotters." Polly trots for two tailors, and makes about seven shillings a week. She is only fifteen. I think she does very well. I am four years older than she is, and I only make ten shillings weekly.'

'So you keep house for four on seventeen shillings a week, Stella?'

She looked up at me half quizzically.

'Yes,' said she, 'and I think we are very fortunate to have so much to do it on. There are some poor people around here—widows, mostly—who have to keep their four or five children on ten shillings a week, more or less, and pay rent in the bargain. Of course, they have to live and sleep in one room. But we have three,' she added proudly, 'and I think they are very cheap at six-and-sixpence a week.'

I looked round the room. It was just such an apartment as thousands of other people have to-day in the East End. There was the small grate, with its small fire. There was the usual oblong table in the centre, covered by a comfortless oilcloth.

'They are so saving,' said Stella, when she had grown quite confidential. 'You've only to wipe them wtih a damp cloth, and there they are, as shiny as new.'

Near the window, as I have stated, was the side table at which Stella worked. It supported, in addition to the afore-mentioned stock-in-trade, a miscellaneous pyramid, built up against the wall, in steps of ever declining size. First came the big Bible; then a large gaunt copy of Bunyan's 'Holy War,' bound in dark green, with a fantastic border round each page; then a model diary with a ragged back. It was a reckless step of three inches to the next volume, a fat edition of Mrs. Beeton's Cookery. This was surmounted by a large-typed hymn-book. The hymn-book supported a Common Prayer-Book which had for a burden a black surly-looking paper-weight, made of stone, in imitation of a small volume, and much chipped at the corners. (Tom had used it to hammer tin-tacks into his tops.) The whole was surmounted by a pinnacle in the form of a highly-colored representation of General Gordon, with a purple face and a green leg, sitting sideways in a statuesque and somewhat vacuous attitude on a horse of bright scarlet. I noticed that Stella was very particular about the architecture of this pyramid. If it was out of gear by the displacement of so much as one book, she could not rest content until she had remedied the eyesore.

Add to these things four highly varnished chairs, two strips of carpet (one in front of the fire and one near the side table), three or four ancient almanacs hung about the walls, a many-colored picture representing a maiden of uncertain age (she might have been five and she might have been fifteen) blowing a kiss from two bulby lips with two very podgy fingers; add these things to the foregoing catalogue, and you have the principal items of the room in which Stella sat at work.

'We managed to get all the furniture together ourselves,' she said, her eyes bright with pleasure, 'that is, Polly and myself. I never hoped that we should get on so well. Yes, it was a hard struggle at first. You see, father was ill a long time, and when he died, well, we were in a fix. He had earned good money in his time—two and three pounds a week, as an agent for sewing machines—but for twelve months he was unable to do anything. He died two years ago, just twelve months after mother. He never seemed to have got over mother's death. He had given me a trade, or I don't know what we should have done. Poor Polly had no trade, and so she had to turn to what she could get; but I hope to be able to apprentice her to the dressmaking before many months have gone by.'

A great tumbling and roaring at the door, a gust of wind, a loud hullabalooing—all these things burst in together, and in their wake came George and Tom.

'Stella, he hit me on the ——'

'Stella, he took my ——'

'So this is George and Tom,' said I, hastening to cover their confusion, which was manifesting itself, to Stella's distress, in the sucking of dirty fingers. 'I think I have seen you before, Master Tom. I think, if I am not mistaken, that when I saw you last you were stealing a ride on the rear of a tramcar down Commercial Road, while the conductor was taking the fares on the roof!'

'Oh, Tom!' said Stella in a low voice, 'and you promised me——'

'No, I didn't, Stella!' shouted Tom, all anxiety to put himself right with Stella; 'I didn't do it since I promised you. It was before that as she must a-seen me.'

'Tom, Tom,' said Stella, 'you mustn't say "she"; it isn't polite!'

Tom look mystified, and retired within himself.

I fell into the habit of calling once a week upon the little family of which Stella was the head and the 'little mother' and the commander-in-chief. Truly a little mother; a trifle below the average height; slim and almost fragile of figure; with small quick hands and a small head, shapely and well moulded, upon a small white throat. Her eyes were a sober and demure brown, but they could shine and laugh sometimes within themselves, and flit sharp looks at you, with an air, half of mischief, half of naïveté. Many a less attractive and less worthy girl than Stella has been taken up into a good man's life and tended there as the sweetest flower that ever grew. She aways wore a black dress, which perhaps caused her to look more fragile than she really was. Seen in the light, it was not an immaculate dress. There were some threadbare corners here and there, and the sleeves had worked themselves up the small wrists for quite three inches by reason of the constant motion of the elbows. But in the gloom of the winter days, when I first saw her working at the table near the blinking window, and when the semi-light frowned upon the delinquencies of her dress and gently covered them with its shadow, she looked as neat and trim a little figure as I have ever seen. Even when summer-time came, and the sun cast a blinding glare upon the little room, showing up shabbiness of wall-paper, and threadbare clothes, and even one or two patches on the black dress—it seemed to me that even then Stella seemed to have the best of it, for the very shortening of those worn sleeves betrayed two of the most charming little wrists that any maiden could possibly possess—so small, so white, so delicately traced by the blue veins.

And the sun betrayed another thing. It betrayed the fact that Stella's hair, which was chestnut in its color, had most bewitching little ripples of waviness in it, which seemed to break into flashing smiles and glintings as the summer light poured into the room.

Stella was decidedly an optimist. I always marvelled over the bright view of things that always shone in her brown eyes. 'I think we have done very well,' she always said, when she was telling me of their struggles. She was perfectly contented. Her little heart was as healthy, and sound, and free from the corroding cancer of pessimism and discontent, as any rosy-cheeked apple growing in a Devonshire orchard. 'I think we have done very well.' That was the keynote of her character. She was always satisfied, always thankful for the mercies vouchsafed to her. And this amidst the dinginess and gloom of an East End court. This, despite the fact that her little head, even as it leant over her millinery, was ever busy with the trying problem of ways and means. Many women have grown peevish, and soured, and old before their time, over that problem. There was a golden vein somewhere in Stella's nature, which kept her above that sort of thing. What was it, after all, but that rare diamond called 'common sense'? Nobody could withstand Stella's common-sense. Its arguments were unanswerable. Her advice, given always so modestly and kindly, rather as a suggestion than aught else, became a sort of Mede and Persian law to Polly, George and Tom. 'Stella said so,' Polly would say, and there was an end of the matter. 'Stella said so,' George and Tom would maintain sturdily, and they would hold out to the bitter end rather than give up the view of the matter which Stella had expressed. Polly wanted a new dress in November, but it was the end of January before ways and means allowed of it. Stella pondered for a short time over her millinery.

'Don't you think, Polly,' she said, 'that you had better wait till spring? It doesn't matter so much what you wear these dark winter days; but you see in springtime the days will be lighter, and the pretty cheap patterns will be out, and you'll look so much better than if you got a winter dress now which you would have to wear all through the summer. Then for next winter you could get a nice black dress.'

Polly would as soon have thought of trying to jump from St. Paul's Churchyard to the dome of the Cathedral as of questioning Stella's wisdom; and so the matter was decided.

Stella had her share of anxiety in a secret kind of way. George was very 'heavy on his boots,' and worked his way through them as though they were so much brown paper. Tom's knees had a predilection for peering through his knickerbockers a fact which I fear was attributable to his partiality for playing 'knock-out' and 'knuckle-down' at marbles. The weekly food-bill wanted a lot of managing with George and Tom 'laying on' like two young wolves three time a day. Altogether, Stella had

much to think about, but she always kept her worries to herself, and always put a bright face upon them, and always came to the conclusion that 'things had come round very well, considering,' and never once realized that it was all due to her own sharp scheming little head that things had come round at all. That was another feature in Stella's character. Life for her was a succession of corners which by hook or crook must be rounded. She brought all her arts to bear upon rounding them; and when, by dint of her own care and forethought, she succeeded in her effort, she looked round, as it were, with a smile of surprised delight and gratification, and a fixed belief in her head that she had done nothing to merit such extraordinary good fortune. I think it must have been this buoyancy of heart and mind which kept the curves of her cheeks so soft and round, and free from the haggardnesses which Care ever leaves behind him.

I chanced upon one episode in Stella's life that threw a flood of light upon her character. During the visits which I paid to the family from time to time, a problem which perplexed me mightily began to force itself upon my notice. It was connected with pieces of wood-carving. Now what had wood-carving to do with Stella? That was the question which perplexed me, but to which I could find no answer for some time.

It began with a small oaken bracket, unpolished, but cleverly carved in imitation of ivy leaves. I casually noticed it above the mantel-piece as I sat questioning George and Tom on their nine-times table. Now a small bracket nailed above the mantelpiece is not an extraordinary sight, and I thought nothing more of it. When next I called there was another bracked, exactly similar, lying on the side table. That, also, was not an extraordinary sight, and again I took little notice. Nothing could be more natural than to have a pair of small brackets nailed to the wall by way of modest ornamentation. Doubtless Stella had only been able to afford them singly, and had not had time to put the second in its place! Her quick eye saw mine fall upon it, and she followed my glance with that little expression of anxiety on her face which her housekeeping punctiliousness could not help betraying in the presence of visitors. When she saw what it was I was looking at, her head dropped over her work, but she said nothing.

On the occasion of my next call I beheld yet a third piece of wood-carving in the room—this time it was a small photograph frame. I began to wonder. Surely Stella was not the girl to have crazes, much less for small ornaments of this kind. Was it Polly? No, Stella's common-sense would not have permitted her to waste her money in this way. Again Stella followed my involuntary glance, and this time it was almost with an air of distress, which added to my mystification. I quickly looked aside, as though I had seen nothing. Stella's head was again bent low over her work, and her face was almost hidden. I continued to wonder and surmise as I proceeded with my visiting, but the explanation never once occurred to me.

Pieces of wood-carving continued to appear and multiply apace in Stella's sitting-room, in what was to me an utterly inexplicable fashion. A small inkstand, designed as an oak-leaf, with a representation of a hollow acorn serving as the ink-well, made its appearance on the side-table. Almost elbowing it was a paper-knife with a carved handle. On the mantel-shelf stood a carved tea-caddy, with all kinds of ingenious devices and ornamentations running round it. The room was a veritable receptacle of studies in carving. All these things I saw together for the first time when I returned from my summer holiday. Stella's embarrassment became apparent as soon as I entered the doorway. When she saw my astonishment, a blush, rosy-red, suffused her face. Now Polly was not the kind of girl to play the tell-tale; but I had become very friendly with the family by this time, and Polly could not repress a laugh when she saw Stella look so distressfully self-conscious.

I stared at the wood-carvings in irrepressible curiosity.

'The truth is, miss,' said Polly, looking at Stella, 'she's ashamed to tell you, but there's a young man as wants her, and he's always sending her these things. He's a turner and wood-carver living next door.'

Stella's face was a succession of hot blushes. I could see them spreading even to her small ears.

'Oh, you naughty Stella!' said I at last. 'I have a very good mind to tease you unmercifully for trying to keep a secret from me! As if you could keep it a secret with all these things about the room!'

Stella managed to look up.

'I can't help it!' she said, piteously. 'I've never even spoken to him! He leaves them all outside the door! If I didn't take them in, people would see them, and—and——'

She paused, and then added, with a culminating air of pathetic distress.:

'There are more in the other room!'

A moment's silence, and then another tragic outburst.

'I—I—was foolish enough to take the first one because I did not want to hurt his feelings by sending it back. He gave it to George, and told him to bring it to me—and ever since he has been leaving these other things outside the door—and what could I do? People would be all talking about it if I did not remove them. I sent the three last things back, but found them outside the door again.'

'Poor Stella!' said I, 'you are indeed encompassed by woes. But do not look so frightened. Women have borne up against that sort of thing before now.'

But Stella was in no mood for banter. Something about her mouth told me she was very near crying. Her mind was not modelled in the same groove as that of many girls, and this was no joke to her. It was rather a great, solemn, serious business, involving much exercise of mind in its settlement. She was too tender and kindly of heart to deal lightly with the feelings of another.

'But tell me,' I said, 'what sort of young man is he? Is he kind and steady?'

'He's very steady, miss,' said Polly, 'and he's a good workman at his trade, but Stella——'

Here Polly paused and looked at her sister.

'It is impossible,' said Stella, in a low voice, her face still burning.

'But why impossible, Stella?' I asked. 'If he is a kind, steady fellow—if you feel you can like him——'

Stella looked up through her tears, and bared her inmost soul to me in her reply, so simply spoken, so full of quiet dignity and right feeling.

'It is my place,' she said, 'to remain—as I am, and look after George and Tom until they are of age to keep themselves. I cannot saddle any man with the burden of supporting my brothers. Nor would it be fair on my part to ask any man—to—wait for me.'

Oh Stella, if he have one grain of common-sense, if he but possess even a dim perception of what is good, and blessed, and sweet in life, he will wait and wait, even as Jacob waited for Rachel, and be glad and proud in the waiting, until he have won for wife one of the truest helpmates that ever man could possess.

Two years have passed since then, but Stella remains firm in her decision. Perhaps you do not see anything so very particular about her course of action! Then you know nothing about the struggles of the poor, nor what a temptation it is to decent girls, battling alone with the forces of life, buffeted hither and thither in the struggle for existence, to take, when the first opportunity offers the shelter of some honest fellow's heart and home and protecting arms.

Stella, I say, remains firm in her decision. But the young turner and carver still lives 'next door'; and he appears to be saving money; and he seems in no hurry to get married; and, in short, I heard—but to tell you what I heard would be a breach of confidence. I will tell you instead what I think.

I think he is waiting.—Harry Davies.

What the Pledge-Card Said.

A little pledge-card in a heap of crumpled papers lay.
I bent my ear, and this is what I heard the pledge-card say:

'Oh, once my face was clean and bright, and once my coat was new;
And once my owner, noble lad! was bold and strong and true;
And once his Bible was my home, and every morn and night
I caught my owner's earnest eye aglow with happy light.

My signature was fresher then, the ink was hardly dry;
But now, alas! an outcast and wanderer am I.
I'm faded to a skeleton, and slowly, day by day,
My hands and feet, my eyes and tongue, have decomposed away.

I think it was my daily prayer, my hands, I lost the first:
And then my eyes, my Bible light—Oh, blindness all accursed!
And then my brave prayer meeting tongue dropped in a dusty heap,
And then my swift prayer meeting feet, alack! they fell asleep.

Say, stranger, look around a bit, and find my owner, pray;
And tell him that his wretched pledge is mouldering away;
And bid him come and clean me up and build me up again,
And I will be his passport to the Land of Honest Men.'

Now that is what the pledge-card said, and wanted me to do.
I'm looking for his owner now. It surely can't be YOU?

—Amos R. Wells, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

The Christian has no more right to worry and fret about the things he cannot help, than he has to steal or break the Sabbath. —'Ram's Horn.'

Robert's Pledge.

(By Marie Irish, in 'Youth's Temperance Banner.')

In a neat little cottage surrounded by bright flower beds and a bit of a garden lived Robert Willis and his wife, Mary.

'Uncle Robert' and 'Aunt Mary,' the villagers called them, and they were especially loved by the children, who were always sure of a hearty welcome at the little cottage.

There had been a time when two bonnie lads made sunshine in Robert and Mary's home, but death had claimed first one and then the other, so the sorrowing parents tried to find comfort in loving all the boys and girls in the village.

Mary had often wanted to adopt a child, but Robert had always objected.

'No, mother,' he would say, 'I like to have the children come to see us, but it seems like I can't have none of 'em take the place of our boys what's gone. Like as not if we took one and grew to love it, it would die, too.'

But strange things are apt to happen, and one day there came a letter to Mary telling her of the death of a much-loved niece.

'It was her dying wish,' so the letter ran, 'that you should take her baby and care for him in memory of the little ones you have lost.'

'Care for him? I guess we will,' said Mary, as she read the letter, 'and love him, too, as if he were our own, the poor little darling.'

So Roy came to live with Robert and Mary, and he soon filled their hearts and home with gladness. Such a dear little fellow as he was, only three when he first came, but he was so sunshiny and happy, so full of life, and yet so loving!

During the day he made the hours pass quickly for Mary, and he was always at the gate to meet Robert when he came from work at night. He chattered and laughed, asked questions and teased for stories until they wondered how they had ever managed to live without him. 'Papa Robert' and 'Mamma Mary' he called them, and he was especially fond of Robert. He never seemed so happy as when he could watch Robert at his work.

'When me gets a big man, den we will both work for Mamma Mary, an' get her lots of money, won't we?' he would often say.

So the days and weeks passed and Roy had been in his new home about a year when trouble came to Robert. An old friend of his, whom he had not seen for years, came to live in the same village, and it happened that this friend was fond of going to the saloon.

He coaxed Robert to go with him and take a glass for the sake of old times, and Robert thought there could be no harm in going just once. But it did not stop with once, nor twice, and as the weeks passed Robert formed the habit of dropping into the saloon whenever it came handy.

At last Mary discovered that her husband —who had always been so good and true— was falling into evil ways.

She talked with him, but it only made him angry.

'I guess a man can take a glass now and then without his wife's consent,' Robert told her. 'You needn't be afraid I'm going to turn into a drunkard. I'm man enough to look out for myself.'

Poor Mary watched him with a heavy heart as she saw the habit growing upon him. Frequently he spent his evenings at the saloon, and he became so changed that even Roy noticed it, and fretted because 'Papa Robert was getting sick.'

One night there had been a jolly time at the saloon, and Robert did not return home until late.

He had been drinking heavily and of course felt ill and ugly. When he reached home he walked unsteadily across the sitting-room, and stumbling against a chair sent it to the floor with a crash.

'Oh, Robert, do be careful,' said Mary, who was sitting up for him. 'Don't wake Roy up; let me help you.'

'Go and sit down,' Robert told her. 'I guess a man's got a right to tip over chairs in his own house, ain't he?' and he sent a second one flying to the floor.

Mary sat down with a white face, for Robert had never spoken so to her before, but at that moment Roy marched into the sitting room holding up his little white gown with one hand, and rubbing his sleepy eyes with the other.

'Me didn't kiss papa Robert good-night,' he said. 'Me wants to kiss him now,' and he marched up to Robert, his sweet face upturned for the good-night kiss.

But Robert was in no mood for kisses.

'Go 'long to bed,' he said angrily, and gave Roy a rough push.

The little fellow fell backward to the floor, but scarcely had he touched it when Mary had him in her arms, and turned to Robert, fairly quivering with anger.

'Go to bed this instant, Robert Willis,' she cried. 'Get out of my sight, I say, before I do something dreadful to you. Killing my precious child—go to bed, I say,' and Robert, sobered as well as frightened, did as she bade him.

Mary soothed Roy, who was more frightened than hurt, but as she kissed him again and again she made up her mind that her husband should suffer for that night's conduct.

It was very late the next morning when Robert came out into the kitchen. The house was strangely quiet, and his wife was silent as she put his breakfast on the table.

'Where is Roy?' Robert said at length, breaking the silence.

'He isn't here,' Mary said shortly without looking toward her husband.

'Not here? Where is he then?' he asked in surprise.

'He has gone away,' Mary answered in the same cold tone.

'What do you mean? Where has Roy gone?' Robert cried in sudden fear as he thought of the two little lads who had been taken from them in the years gone by. 'Mary, you don't mean—oh! Mary, I didn't —' but Robert could say no more.

'No, Robert Willis,' his wife said, coming over to him, 'you didn't kill Roy last night, but it wasn't your fault you didn't and I tell you now that Roy has gone away to stay. I took him over to Mrs. Clark's early this morning, and she is willing to adopt him. I'll not let Roy stay here and see you turn into a drunkard, and have him in danger of being killed in one of your sprees. I'll stand by you because I'm your wife, but even if I die without him, little Roy shall never live with you another day,' and Mrs. Willis marched out of the room, closing the door with a bang.

Robert Willis did a great deal of thinking that day while he worked. At night when he went home there was no Roy to meet him at the gate, no little man to climb upon his lap and beg for stories.

After supper Mary took her sewing while Robert tried to read his paper.

The old clock ticked in a mournful way, making the silence all the more noticeable.

For an hour neither spoke, and then Robert said:—

'Mary, I suppose you think you love Roy, but you don't care for the little fellow no more than I do. I've been a-thinkin' it over to-day, an' I just can't get along without him. I can't stand the stillness here, without his noise an' rompin'. I tell you, Mary, I've been a poor, weak fool to treat such a good wife as I've treated you, and to sell myself for drink, but I'm going to ask you to forgive me, and try to do better.

'I'll sign the pledge, Mary, an' keep it forever if you'll only let me go an' get Roy an' bring him back home to-night.'

'Oh, Robert! you don't know how happy I am if you only mean it,' cried Mary, her face shining with gladness.

'Well, I do mean it, so write up a pledge, for I'm in a hurry to get started after our boy,' and Robert brought the pen and paper.

So Mary wrote out a pledge, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks, and her husband signed it, feeling that he was once more a free man.

Then while Mary hastened to get out Roy's playthings that she had laid away, Robert went to bring the sunshine back to their home again.

How Toil Conquered Pride.

John Adams, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:—

'When I was a boy I used to study Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could stand it no longer; and going to my father I told him that I did not like to study, and asked for some other employment.

'My father said: "Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, try ditching—perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that."

'This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But soon I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it.

'I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner, but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told father that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar.

'He was glad of it, and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labor in that ditch.—'Christian Standard.'

What to Give.

Give thy heart's best treasures;
From fair nature learn;
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not, a return.
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

—Selected.

The Little White Kitten.

(Madge Fox, in 'Our Animal Friends.')

There was once a dear little kitten, whose tiny pink paws were as soft as velvet, and whose silky fur was as pure white as the fleecy, floating clouds which go sailing over the blue sky in the summer time.

This little kitten lived with its black and white mother, and two small black brothers, away up on the hayloft in a big barn. The small black brothers and the little white kitten led a merry life together. The old black and white mother cat loved them dearly, and the wonder is that she didn't wear her rough old tongue out trying to keep them clean.

She used to tell the other cats whom she met on the back fences, and who used to visit in a friendly way, before they began their evening concerts, that, for her part, she wanted to know that her children were clean, whether they were black or white.

One night a minister's gray cat came to one of the Back Fence Concerts, and she and the black and white cat talked about their children. The minister's cat thought it was a shame to keep cunning little kittens hidden away in a hayloft, because little boys and girls were good to kittens, and liked to play with them. She said that her kittens had a cosy bed back of the stove in the kitchen, and the minister's seven children were very fond of them. The black and white cat shook her head slowly, and told the minister's cat that she would rather not have her cunning, round, fat kittens handled by any minister's children in the land; but just then they heard a few very long musical me-ows, indicating that the concert had begun, and they must take their places and sing too,

Sometimes, when the old black and white mother cat was at home in the hayloft with the two small black brothers and the little white kitten, she was so very proud of her family that she acted quite silly. She used to get up and walk around them, purring loudly all the time. At other times she would lie still and watch them play, and think they were wonderfully smart because they used to chase their own tails round and round.

DRAWING LESSON.

The little white kitten had a saucy habit of running up to her mother and sticking her cold pink nose right in her mother's face. This always made the old black and white mother cat sneeze, and then the little white kitten would scamper away and play with wisps of hay.

At last there came a time when the small black brothers were left alone in the hayloft, because a very sad accident happened when the old black and white mother cat was away catching mice.

The barn in which this happy family lived was a doctor's barn, and the three kittens had often heard the doctor's boy open the big outside doors and come in and take the doctor's carriage out into the barnyard; but, as their nest was away back on the hayloft, they had never ventured near enough to the edge to see what was going on. One day, however, when they had grown very tired of chasing their own tails and scrambling about in the hay, they crept very carefully to the edge of the loft and peeped into the barn below. If the doctor's boy had glanced up then he would have been very much surprised to see the three little kittens watching him; but he didn't look up nor look around at all, and that is why he did not see the poor little white kitten when she fell from the loft right down into the doctor's carriage.

The poor little white kitten mewed and mewed and mewed, but the doctor's boy didn't hear it; and, just as soon as the restless horses were hitched to the carriage, the doctor himself came and jumped in, and away they drove.

On and on they went, farther and farther from the cosy home and the small black brothers. The poor little kitten, curled into a pitiful white ball of downy fur in

the bottom of the carriage, was too frightened to think or stir; but, when the carriage stopped at last, and the doctor got out and tied his horses, the little kitten ventured to look around. Then she gave a mighty jump and followed the doctor, with cunning little leaps and springs, to the door of a large white house.

The doctor was so big, and altogether so important a person, that he didn't know there was a little white kitten at his heels; and, when the door was opened and the doctor went inside, in went the kitten, too.

Lying on a snowy cot, in one of the prettiest rooms in the beautiful home, was the doctor's tiny patient. Putting his medicine case on a low chair by the bedside, the doctor stood for a few moments looking thoughtfully at the pale baby face and talking in low tones to the child's anxious mother.

In the meantime the little white kitten was trying to balance its small self on this dignified doctor's medicine case. It was then that the large blue eyes opened, and for the first time for many a long day the stillness of the pretty room was broken by the laugh of a child.

It may be that Janet's curly dark hair reminded the little kitten of the two small black brothers in the havloft; but, however that may be, the kitten with the tiny pink paws and the child with the tiny pale baby face from that time on were the best of friends, and, as Janet grew better every day thereafter, she named the kitten 'Medicine,' because, so she said, the little white kitten cured her.

And no one ever knew where the little white kitten came from.

Beware.

If you've never smoked as yet,
Oh, beware! that cigarette.

Though so very sweet it seems,
Yet beneath a dagger gleams.

With a siren spell it binds,
Leading captive willing minds.

First it charms, but to decoy,
Then it chains but to destroy.

If you've never smoked as yet,
Oh, beware! that cigarette.
—'Ram's Horn.'

'World Wide' is a journal of literary distinction, and is offered at an exceedingly low price.

How Karl Was Caught.

'Where are you all coming from?' I asked of a party of children, with rosy cheeks and happy faces, who passed me on my road on the sunny banks of the river Rhine.

'We are coming from school,' they replied; 'it is our half-holiday, and we are going to spend it in the vineyards, Please come and find us and our parents up there this afternoon. Come along, Karl.'

And away they ran, smiling and waving their hands to me, but Karl had disappeared. Just where he had been standing the railway lines crossed the road.

A pretty cottage, with a large garden round it, stood at a little distance. Here the man lived whose business it was to shut the gates five minutes before each train went by, that people coming from their work might not meet with any accident.

This man had plenty of time between train hours to attend to his piece of land, and made a good deal of money by selling his large ripe pears and beautiful purple plums at the market in Mayence, a large town near by.

As I stood looking around and admiring his garden, I caught sight of a boy of some twelve years of age who was peering over the hedge on the opposite side. His eyes were fixed upon one particular tree, then he gazed around, as if looking to see if any one was about. I could not help watching his movements, and soon saw that he was none other than Karl himself.

At that moment I heard the rumble of a train, and at the same instant saw a tall man come out of the cottage, and give a searching look to the right and left along the road.

The boy must have heard the rumble too, for the next instant I noticed him clear the hedge with a bound and make straight for the big pear tree. In his hand he carried a large brown paper bag, and with quick haste he began to pick the pears, dropping each one into it.

Karl was so eager to fill his bag that he did not notice how the train went by, and the man came round the corner, and at once caught sight of Karl in his pear tree.

Very quietly he crept along until he stood just beneath it. Quite ignorant of his being there, having filled his bag, the boy began to come down, and was caught by the man in his arms.

Pale and trembling with fear he let fall his stolen treasure—expecting a sound thrashing, at least—he could not speak a word.

The man set him on the ground, then placed his strong hand upon his shoulder.

'You thought yourself very sharp to pick them just when the train came up, that I shouldn't see you, eh? But there's another eye that saw you—you know whose I mean—the eye of God.'

Karl winced, but said never a word.

'There,' went on the man kindly, 'pick them up and take them in to my missus—tell her I sent you. That will do, I don't think you'll ever go stealing pears again. Just you say a little prayer before you go to bed, and that will keep you from it.'

Karl did as he was bid, and has never from that day taken anything that does not belong to him, although he has helped the man who treated him so kindly to pick his ripe fruit every season.—Mrs. H. Crewe, in 'Child's Companion.'

The Door of the House.

Idle thoughts came trooping in the door,
And warmed their little toes;
And did more mischief about the house
Than any one living knows.

They scratched the tables and broke the chairs,
And soiled the floor and wall;
For a motto was written above the door,
'There's a welcome here for all.'

When the master saw the mischief done,
He closed it with hope and fear;
And he wrote above instead, 'Let none
Save good thoughts enter here.'

And the good little thoughts came trooping in
When he drove the others out;
They cleaned the walls and they swept the floor,
And sang as they moved about.

And last of all an angel came,
With wings and a shining face;
And above the door he wrote, 'Here
Love has found a dwelling-place.'
—'S.S. Messenger.'

LESSON XI.—MARCH 17.

Jesus and Pilate

Luke xxiii., 13-26. Memory verses, 20-24. Read John xviii., 28; xix., 16; Luke xxiii., 1-25; Mark xv., 1-20.

Golden Text.

'I find no fault in this man.'—Luke xxiii., 4.

The Bible Lesson.

13. And Pilate, when he had called together the chief priests and the rulers and the people,

14. Said unto them, Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people: and, behold, I, having examined him before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him:

15. No, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him; and, lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him.

16. I will therefore chastise him, and release him.

17. (For of necessity he must release one unto them at the feast.)

18. And they cried out all at once, saying, Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas:

19. (Who for a certain sedition made in the city, and for murder, was cast into prison.)

20. Pilate therefore, willing to release Jesus, spoke again to them.

21. But they cried, saying, Crucify him, crucify him.

22. And he said unto them the third time, Why, what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him: I will therefore chastise him, and let him go.

23. And they were instant with loud voices, requiring that he might be crucified. And the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed.

Suggestions.

Judas Iscariot the traitor had severed his connection with Jesus and his disciples, his act of unparalelled treachery proved that he had never really been joined to them in heart. If he had at all understood the heart of Jesus, if he had cared anything about his love, if he had not been blinded by jealousy and greed, he might, even at that late hour of the Passover supper, have fully repented and been freely forgiven. Our Lord, though knowing the treachery of Judas's heart and purpose, gave him every token of love anl even warned him openly against that which he was about to do. But there is no record of repentance on Judas's part, after the fatal deed was done. He was filled with remorse and went out and hanged himself in the field which had been bought with the price of blood. (Acts i., 16-18; Matt. xxvii., 3-10; Zech. xi., 12, 13.)

But what of the other disciples? Did they not all forsake Jesus at the hour of the betrayal in Gethsemane? Ah, but their forsaking was a very different matter, Judas went out because his heart led him, the disciples fled from physical fear; they were frightened and they ran away, but their hearts were loyal still. They would follow Jesus again when they got over their fright, and after Pentecost they would rejoice to suffer every sort of persecution and even death for his sake.

In the meantime Peter followed his Master at a distance and John who had gained an entrance to the high priest's palace, where Jesus was being tried, got the doorkeeper to let Peter in, too. Peter, cold and weary, brooding over the sad events of the past few hours, sat down by the fire. Suddenly a maid servant, looking at him carefully, announced that he was one of the disciples. With hurried impatience he denied the fact. But another, and yet another, accused him, and as he was denying for the third time, the cock crew. Near the judgment seat, probably in the same hall, our Lord was standing and at this moment he turned to look upon Peter, with what infinite compassion and love only those who have stood in Peter's place and felt that look can know. Peter went out and wept bitterly, but it was not by those tears that his guilt was washed away, but by the precious blood which was shed that very day upon the Cross of Calvary.

The Sanhedrim, having condemned Jesus Christ to death, could do nothing farther until the case was presented to the Roman Governor, for only he could officially pronounce the death sentence. So, in the morning, about six o'clock, the priests and scribes and elders and common people hurried their prisoner over to the Pretorium and called upon Pontius Pilate to pass the death sentence on their King. Pilate declared that he could find no fault in this Man, and sought to get rid of his responsibility by sending him to Herod, the ruler of Galilee, who was visiting Jerusalem at that time. Herod only mocked at Jesus and sent him back to Pilate clothed in a gorgeous robe. Pilate, afraid to condemn the righteous Man, yet not daring to offend the Jewish leaders by instantly setting the prisoner free, told the chief priests that as he could find no fault with Jesus, he would order him to be chastised and released. It was the custom to release one prisoner always at the feast time. Pilate wished to release Jesus, but the people, goaded on by the priests, kept shouting out that they did not want Jesus released, he must be crucified, they wanted Barabbas, a murderer, released, and they got their way. Pilate weakly assented to the voice of the multitude and condemned the Son of God to the Cross.

O break, O break, hard heart of mine:
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride,
His Pilate and His Judas were;—
Jesus, my Lord, is crucified.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Mar. 17.—Topic—Christ our High Priest.—Heb. vii., 24-28.

Junior C. E. Topic.

NO DRUNKARDS IN HEAVEN.

Mon., Mar. 11.—Liquor-drinking ruins the home.—Deut. xxi., 20.

Tues., Mar. 12.—Causes innocence to suffer.—Rom. xiv., 21.

Wed., Mar. 13.—The drunkard is against God.—Rom. viii., 7.

Thu., Mar. 14.—Wrong doing is punished.—I. Cor. iii., 17.

Fri., Mar. 15.—Evil cannot go to God.—Rev. xxi., 27.

Sat., Mar. 16.—Heaven is God's home.—John xiv., 2.

Sun., Mar. 17.—Topic—Why drunkards cannot enter heaven.—I. Cor. vi., 9, 10.

Free Church Catechism.

33. Q.—What is the Holy Catholic Church?

A.—It is that holy society of believers in Christ Jesus which he founded, of which he is the only head, and in which he dwells by his Spirit; so that, though made up of many communions, organized in various modes, and scattered throughout the world, it is yet one in him.

34. Q.—For what ends did our Lord found his Church?

A.—He united his people into this visible brotherhood for the worship of God and the ministry of the Word and the sacraments; for mutual edification, the administration of discipline and the advancement of his kingdom.

'One great defect in our boy theology has often since those days, been subject of thought. Some of the teachers used to say to us, 'Now you must all be good little boys, and then when you die you will go to heaven." We were taught to rely on our own good works, so we were in danger of being made into as arrant a lot of little Pharisees as ever trusted to their own righteousness. This practice still abounds all over the land. The pupils go to church, and the pastor pounds away about eternal judgment, but what have "good little boys" to be afraid of in the way of judgment? They should have been told they were sinners—little boy-sinners, and that they should repent and do works meet for repentance even if they were little boys.'—Dr. Ashmore.

Rotted Off by Beer.

This is not a temperance treatise, but it has a bit of fact in it that the total abstainer may show to the beer drinker, whenever occasion offers, says the New York 'Mail and Express.'

The attention of the New York hospital surgeons has been called to the big number of bar-tenders that have lost several fingers of both hands within the past few years. The first case was that of an employee of a Bowery concert hall. Three of his fingers of his right hand and two of his left were rotted away when he called at Bellevue one day and begged the doctors to explain the reason. He said that his duty was to draw beer for the thousands who visited the garden nightly. The young man was in perfect health otherwise, and it took the young doctors quite a time to arrive at any conclusion. But they did finally, and it nearly took the beerman's breath away when they did.

'Your fingers have been rotted off,' they said, 'by the beer which you have handled.'

Other cases of a similar nature came rapidly after this one, and to-day, the physicians estimate, there is an army of employees of saloons whose fingers are being ruined by the same cause. The acid and resin in beer are said to be responsible.

The head bartender of a well-known down-town saloon says he knows a number of cases where beer-drawers have, in addition to losing several fingers of both hands, lost the use of both members.

'Beer will rot iron, I believe,' he added, 'I know, and every bartender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar. Beer will rot leather as rapidly almost as acid will eat into iron. If I were a temperance orator, I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs, if it eats away men's fingers and their shoe leather? I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it—not much.'—'Western Christian Advocate.'

Smoking Among Boys.

The evil of tobacco-smoking by boys is one that is engaging increasingly the attention of those engaged in practical education. Teachers speak out with no uncertain sound as to the disastrous consequences to their general morals, their physical health, and their powers as students, which follow indulgence in this habit by boys. Whatever may be said of smoking by men, and we incline to the belief that very little can be said in its favor, there is no question whatever as to the dire effects of the use of tobacco upon growing boys. And it is to be noted that, however much a man may be himself addicted to indulgence in the habit, he is sternly opposed to the use of tobacco by his children. All the same, the public generally is not sufficiently alive to the importance of checking an evil which is unfortunately becoming more and more prevalent.

The headmaster of a boys' school of much experience, writes:—'In making enquiries as to the suitability of boys for certain situations we have often been asked, "Does he smoke?" The assumption that suggests the question is, of course, that smoking is bad for boys, and, therefore, bad for their employers. Only recently we had to fill in a character form, in which this question had a prominent place.'

The subject is being dealt with very seriously by the educational magazines on both sides of the Atlantic. Thus the 'English Educational Review' says: 'This practice has greatly increased of recent years, and medical evidence seems clearly to prove that no habit is more injurious to young people than this; in fact, without prejudging the question of smoking among adults, we can safely say, that for the young, the practice is an unmixed evil. It is a source of heart disorders, nervous disorders, stunted growth, and mental laziness and incompetence. Juvenile smokers can generally

be spotted at once by a teacher; they are dreamy, apathetic, dense, and almost incapable of intellectual work.' In the United States the evil appears to have assumed shocking proportions. A medical member of the Board of Education of San Francisco says:—'I am physician to several boys' schools, and I am often called in to prescribe for palpitation of the heart. In nine cases out of ten it is caused by the use of tobacco.' Still another American writer says, and his testimony is startling as to both the extent of the evil, and the havoc it is working in the schools:—'An inquiry was made in the city of Chicago recently, and it was found that there were 5,000 cigarette smokers (between the ages of eight and fourteen) in the city schools, not more than 400 of them being able to do good work. There were very few smokers in the higher grades, for the obvious reason they never reach those grades. The boys make a grade or more per year until they begin to smoke, when progress stops. They become listless and nervous, cannot keep up their work, cannot keep still while at their desks and are often defective in hearing and sight.'

How far the boys in Canadian schools are suffering from this evil we have no means of knowing. But we are very certain that parents and teachers will do well to keep their eyes open, and to look carefully after the habits of their boys.—'Christian Guardian.'

There is Room at the Top.

There is always room at the top, dear boys,
So leave the crowd and climb;
Don't gaze at the ladder and measure its length,
As you grasp each round you will gain new strength,
And mount to the top in time.

There is room to grow great, if you're wise, dear boys,
Room for brain and soul to expand;
In the duties that wait each to claim its hour,
There's a setting of gold for each gem of power,
The finest in all the land.

Would you climb to the top, don't tarry, boys,
Where the wine glows ruby red.
There the luring paths are dangerous ways,
There a maelstrom swallows life's golden days,
There evil his snare has spread.

Would you reach the top you must practice, boys,
Keeping the armor bright,
Give tears to sorrow, give smiles to song,
Cherish the good and abhor the wrong,
And battle for God and the right.

There are rocky steeps in the climbing, boys,
There are thorns for the tender feet;
But through the long night the stars look down,
In the loom of the cross is woven the crown—
The bitter will change to the sweet.

Then swing to the rounds and climb, dear boys,
While the flower of youth is in bloom,
Let your stakes be high, your aims all straight;
There is only 'I will' in the chalice of fate—
At the top there is always room.

—Uncle Jim, in 'Temperance Advocate.'

It has been the folly of some of our temperance speaking that it has heaped maledictions upon the moderate drinkers, instead of appealing steadily and lovingly to the noblest instincts of human nature, and asking them to make a sacrifice of what they deem a liberty for the sake of others, it may be members of their own families. I know of a rich man in Providence whose only son had been brought home to him intoxicated, and he reproached him, saying, 'I have done everything for you.' 'Yes,' said the son, 'and you taught me to drink wine,' and he struck his father to the earth. —Dr. Barrows.

Correspondence

The Postal Crusade

Editor 'Northern Messenger':

Letters in response to the request for volunteers to enlist in a post-office crusade have come in from all parts of Canada, several have come also from the United States. Up to date there are seventy ready to start in this peaceful warfare by mail and type. As soon as possible replies will be sent. If the list of names that comes from India is not large enough I will write again: Just a little patience and perseverance is required. In the meantime how it would gladden the heart of Miss Dunhill if all would post their papers to her. I can imagine her very great pleasure on receiving seventy 'Northern Messengers' by one mail. Just let us help her while we are waiting for individual addresses of boys and girls who read English in India.

Perhaps a few items regarding Miss Dunhill will interest you.

First, the address:—Miss Dunhill, 12 S. Parade, Bangalore, India. Please remember to wrap parcels carefully and pay full postage, 1 cent for 2 ounces. Miss Dunhill is National W. C. T. U. organizer for the Empire of India, and she also holds an important position in the evangelistic department. In her work of distributing papers she is assisted by her sister Mrs. Walker. They go carefully over all the papers sent to them in order that only ones suitable to the natives may be circulated. Thus you will see that you are quite safe in sending her papers you have asked me about. The 'Northern Messenger' is a favorite, as it is safe and suitable and loyal. It teaches temperance with the Gospel, and it has nothing to do with any denomination.

Denominational papers of any kind are not wanted by the missionaries or temperance workers with whom I correspond. When reading these papers the natives look away from Christ to the different churches. Please let us respect the wishes of orthodox church member missionaries, they know best. Send all the Scripture cards you can. There have been two offers of the 'Youth's Companion' for the Rev. Mr. Leflamme, Cocanada, India. Will those who have offered them kindly send them, as they will be most valuable. The 'Ram's Horn' is specially liked in India, and the illustrations of the 'Christian Herald' render it particularly attractive. In fact any illustrated undenominational Christian literature with loyal British sentiments is valuable. Should you see in a religious paper any article condemning Great Britain's attitude to South Africa, do not send it to India.

The kind wishes expressed in the many letters sent to me are very cheering. A number of parcels have come in for the French work in Montreal. I will repeat the address as some may not have noticed it. The postage for this will be one cent for 4 ounces:—

For the 'Home Crusade,' Welcome Hall, 207 St. Antoine street, Montreal, Que.

Please do not send papers for India or for the French Crusade at home to my house address. It is best to mail your papers to India direct, as it saves stamps and time. Some have been sent to me with the request to forward them abroad. Will those who have very kindly sent unasked money as well as stamps for the crusade please accept my thanks. As soon as possible I will let you know by letter to what use it was put.

In closing please let me tell you that Miss Dunhill and the women who assist her take literature to natives in the city. They also supply the barracks and the railway station. At the barracks one bright correspondent tells me the men make a rush for the papers. At the station they are snatched up by the employees and carried all over whenever the trains go. Ten years ago it was estimated that one hundred and twenty-four million people travelled in one year over twenty thousand miles of railway. This will give you some idea of the number of people who travel by steam.

Faithfully and thankfully,
MAGGIE E. COLE.

P.S.—In reply to a question received, the 'Northern Messenger' can be sent to India direct from the publishers, the postage being 51 cents extra.

NOTE TO 'A SUBSCRIBER.'

A subscriber asks if we can print a story of hers every week. We fear we have too much material on hand to be able to accept the offer.

Quebec, Feb. 11, 1901.

Dear Editor,—I was reading the 'Northern Messenger' and I saw a letter from a little girl who signed herself as 'Lottie T.,' of Agricola, North Alberta. If this little girl would send me her full address I will watch out for it. We have quite a number of different books and papers that I am sure would help to cheer her.

I am yours sincerely,
WINIFRED WOODLEY.
Notre Dame de Quebec, Que.

Manchester, N. H.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eleven years old. My auntie has sent me the 'Messenger' two years, and I like it very much. I have one brother eight years old.

ALVIN A.

[The subscription for your 'Messenger' expired on Dec. 31, 1900.]

Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm four and a half miles from the town of Dauphin. My brother and I drive to school in the winter and I walk in the summer. Our Sunday-school paper is the 'Northern Messenger.' We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years and we think it very nice.

MARY C. McK.

Finch.

Dear Editor,—I am a very little boy and cannot write very well. I like the 'Messenger,' I love to read the letters. I have three sisters and two brothers. I live with my uncle on a farm. I have a little colt. I take him out to water every day. I have a pair of fine large ducks, and a good dog, he is kind and good to go after the cows. I am studying the Catechism. I am learning to skate this winter.

SANDIE (Aged 8.)

Marathon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years and could not do without it. I have no brothers or sisters. I am taking music lessons. I have three miles to go to school. My papa is a carpenter. I had a little pet kitten called Nimmy Dancer, but she died. I enjoy reading the little boys' and girls' letters in the 'Messenger.' I will close by wishing them all a happy New Year.

MAMIE E. G. (Aged 10.)

Black Creek, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken your paper a number of years and like it very much. My auntie sends it to me for a present. I will try to get you a new subscriber. I have one sister and four brothers. We live on the bank of the Niagara river. It is a very pretty place in the summer time.

CONSTANCE D. (Aged 8.)

Shipley.

Dear Editor,—We have four horses, nineteen cattle, twelve sheep and twenty pigs, by this you will know that my father is a farmer. We have about fifty hens and we get three or four eggs a day now. We have a dog called Rover, in the winter we hitch him in the hand sleigh and he will pull us. The river Maitland is not far from here, and we have good fun on it. I have one brother and a sister living in Manitoba; they have been there three years, I would like very much to see them. With love to the 'Messenger.'

ROBERT H. M. (Aged 11.)

Smithfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger' and we like it very much. I have four brothers and two sisters, a pet cat and a pet horse.

ISABELLA M. (Aged 12.)

Port Rowan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in South Walsingham, four miles from Port Rowan. I have two brothers younger than myself, and one sister, and also a sister older than myself, and she has a bantam hen for a pet.

JOHN LLOYD P. (Aged 9.)

HOUSEHOLD.

For Bruises.

Active children are very apt to tumble about in summer, when they have free privilege to roam out of doors, and they sometimes sustain serious bruises. While these are too trivial to require a physician, it will save pain and black and blue spots, to keep a soothing lotion in the house, which will reduce the local inflammation. The most simple and effective remedy is one part arnica to five parts water. When a serious bruise has been sustained, of course, clear arnica may be applied, but this is not necessary for ordinary cases. It should be remembered, however, that arnica is poisonous, and for that reason should be kept labelled and safely locked out of reach of people who make mistakes and of meddlesome children.

Before it is Too Late.

If you have a grey-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it to-day.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait—
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown,
To-morrow is a mystery,
To-day is all our own.
The chance that fortune lends to us
May vanish while we wait.
So spend your life's rich treasure
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent.
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait,
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

Selected Recipes.

Croquettes.—Boil until very tender chicken or veal. To two pounds of meat add three raw eggs, butter, salt, pepper, nutmeg and onions, a little celery salt is good. Add the juice boiled down to about one-half cup, thickened a very little. Make into small pyramidal forms, roll in egg and cracker and fry in hot lard. Serve hot.

About 'World Wide.'

REV. PRINCIPAL MACVICAR, D.D.
Presbyterian College, Montreal,
Feb. 9, 1901.

The Editor 'World Wide,' Montreal:

I have read 'World Wide' for several weeks, and cordially recommend it as fitted to be eminently useful in the homes of the Dominion. I wish the publishers all success in this new venture.

D. H. MACVICAR.

PROFESSOR DE MILLE.

King's College, Windsor, N.S., Feb. 14.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Gentlemen,—I have carefully read the first six numbers of 'World Wide,' and write to express my appreciation of your admirable little review.

Your general plan is excellent, and the various selections are made with taste and judgment. At a time when there is so much self-praise among the magazines one reads with pleasure the modest announcement of your paper, followed as it is by so useful a synopsis of the trend of current thought. Your success should be sure.

Very truly yours,
A. B. DE MILLE.

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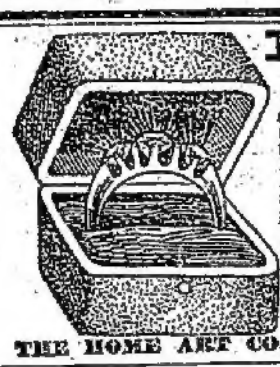

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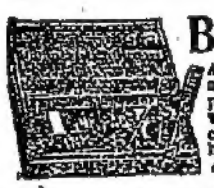

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USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

Bridgeport, Conn.

Dear Sir,—I like 'World Wide' extremely. It seems to fit in its niche exactly.

S. B. ROGERS.

Charlotte, Mich.

Dear Sir,—I have received a copy of 'World Wide.' I am delighted with its contents, and with the idea that gave it birth.

FRED. J. CASS.

London, Ont., Feb. 8, 1901.

Publishers of 'World Wide':

Dear Sirs,—Herewith I send one dollar. Send me your publication from beginning of year. I hope you are making it of a size which can be bound similar to the ordinary magazine. A carefully-selected publication on a cheap paper, of binding size, would give us a valuable record worth preservation.

Yours,
A. O. JEFFERY.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'